NEWS BOY'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

TO THE

PATRONS OF THE

NEW-BRUNSWICK

ROYAL GAZETTE.

1829.

HAIL to NEW-BRUNSWICK's favor'd Sons, and Daughters dear to me!
HAIL to the *Muse Boy's* PATRONS kind—at dawn of this new year!
HAIL to the prospects, opening mild upon our fertile Land;
With grateful recollections due to PROVIDENCE'S HAND.

May the first Hail propitious be to VIRTUE, and to LOVE;
And the next inferior nothing prove—if any thing, above
The usual bounty of its kinds, which animate aright
The visits of their NEW's Boy true, in dark or moonlight night.

May the third Hail an echo find in every human breast
Within the precincts of our Soil, so prosperous and blest:
While the warm life blood animates each throbbing heart to best
With loyal zeal to manifest their gratitude complete.

To PROVIDENCE with reverence all should weekly bend the knee,
And own the MERCIES it bestows, which we so strongly see
Evinced in its present course through Time, dispelling every fear,
And ushering in, on HOPE's bright wings, the prospects of this year.

Thus having made my bow in rhyme as well as I could do,
The rest more properly belongs, kind Patrons, unto you:
And if I might presume to judge from what the *past* has shown,
Reason I can have none to think, you'll *now* my claims disown.

Indeed I've ever found you kind, considerate and fair;
Then why should I suppose you changed, or altered with the year:—
But Truce to this, I know my FRIENDS too well to doubt their worth,
Their JUSTICE—LIBERALITY—which never know a dearth.

And so I'll venture to proceed, as custom hath enjoin'd
At this auspicious period, when Song inspires the mind,
Solemnly or sprightly tuned, to celebrate the Day:—
Succinctly to recount the gest, or purport of my lay.

Yet how can I, untaught, presume to steal the glittering hue,
The soft, sweet graces of a Bard—and I unlearned too—
The brilliant splendour of whose thoughts incessant beauties beam,
To decorate a News Boy's Verse, or this his humble Theme.

The forgery would apparent be, and therefore I forbear;
At least no crude attempt of mine shall see the present year:
But like a prudent artisan, I'll to my trade be true,
By singing naught but that alone—and leave the rest to you.

And few but know, that, while without our presses and our types,
In some degree in vain would be the Poet's boundless flights;—
Nor types nor presses have such charms as to inspire the mind
Of Poet with a thought *for these*—whose thoughts are so refin'd.

And what reward *might* I expect, e'en were I to attempt
To deviate from my beaten track, and to my thoughts give vent
In strains poetic?—Why that all who now respect my name,
Would then strive only which should be first to denounce my shame.

Nay, the TYPES might e'en "uncase" themselves, and whizzing through the air,
As thick as hailstones, tempest-wing'd, reduce me to despair:
And PRESS of BROOKS' iron mould, hurl'd with the DEVIL's force,
Amalgamate both types and me,—and finish *one* of course.

No, no; I'll not disguise the fact, for Poet I am none!
And were no other reason given, these lines were surely one,—
Enough to prove the honest truth, so evident to all,
That I a simple NEWS BOY am—but poet, none at all.

Yet simple though I seem, and am, and humble though I be;
A friend my Patrons oft may find in one so poor as me:
For I can cheer their Winter's hearth; and can o'er the tear to flow
O'er lovely WOMAN's peach-like cheek, for Virtue's melting woe.

And I can fire the PATRIOT's breast with sentiments so bold,
That nought on earth may fetter them, nor Death their influence hold:
Majestically moving on, through Time, in Virtue's light;
He COUNTRY's weal his noblest aim—next to his MAKER's right.

I, too, can sooth the mind to rest, and tranquillize the heart;
And dissipate the fev'rish dreams, which bear so great a part
In the affairs of man's short life—full brief enough without
His self-created phantasies, to wound the Soul with doubt.

And I can utter, silently, consoling words to read—
Imparting PEACE and HAPPINESS to all who these may need:
And sometimes I can inculcate the Truths, Divine and best,
Of man's immortal hopes and joys—RELIGION's meek behest.

And—presto!—I can change the scene, and bring before your view
Many an Anecdote of old,—and frequently some new:
At which you've often grasp'd your ribs, and pour'd forth all your might,
In one far-echoing hearty laugh of rapturous delight.

Again I shift the scene—and lo!—the Armies on the plains,
Fighting in dense and distant clouds, for false or real claims:
Now thundering peals the dreadful note of Battle's crimson wrath;
Now many a Patriot's gallant form writhes in the pangs of death.

And many other Scenes 'tis mine the privilege to shew;
"Too tedious to make mention of"—Scenes not alone of woe,
As I above have verified—But these many now appear,
Sufficient for establishing my modest claim this year.

Then think what pleasures I impart, and look upon me kind!
And deign a TRIBUTE to your true Purveyor for the MIND,—
Which all in this enlightened age should emulate to store,
With KNOWLEDGE that may lead the Soul its MAKER to adore.

'Twill serve more purposes than one—believe me I'm sincere:
I'd not *cajole* yo by *sleek* words; though the privilege, I hear
To *strain* a point admitted is fair play such times as these,
When all but pots and frying-pans recline in jovial ease.

In parting for the current year, permit me to present
My plain but hearty wishes for your happiness—content—
(The purest happiness below)—prosperity—and health
To crown each bright felicity—of all the richest wealth.

And now as I am quite aware how fruitful is my lay
In errors—ere I close my theme, 'tis needful that I say,
I trust that you will smile upon this labor of our PRESS,
And scan, with *generosity*, the faults of my ADDRESS.

Fredericton, January 1.